

THE BOURBON NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY IN THE YEAR.

VOLUME XXVI.

PARIS, KENTUCKY FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1906.

NUMBER 97

May Lose Her Eyesight.

Jim Webb, of near Glenkenney, had a little eight-year-old daughter to come near losing her eye early Christmas morning.

She and her little brother were engaged in chasing each other around the house, at the same time firing Roman candles, when a lighted ball struck her in the eye, severely burning her face. Dr. Dudley, who treated the injured member, says she may lose her eyesight.

The best Jewelry service in the world, at Winters'.

Negroes Resolute Against "Teddy" at Boston.

This is the temperate and logical resolution adopted by the Negro Suffrage League, of Boston:

"We denounce the language of the President in his official answer to the Foraker resolutions as the most extraordinary language used by a President of a Christian republic. One who is familiar with the tyrants of the past would think it was language of Nero or the Duke of Alva."

"In his message inciting race hatred and mob violence against 10,000,000 of innocent citizens, he has shown himself to be a mere politician and not a great statesman."

"In accusing all negroes who object to his unlawful summary punishment of 170 colored soldiers, without trial or court-martial or examination by a military court of inquiry, of a desire to shield murderers, the President misrepresents 10,000,000 of as law-abiding and patriotic native-born American citizens as the country possesses."

Mr. Roosevelt is apt to learn a few things about this negro question before his term expires, if he doesn't, it won't be the fault of Mr. Negro."

Bank Stock For Sale.

I will sell at public outcry at the Court House door in Paris, on Monday, January 7, 1907, (County Court Day) at 11 o'clock, a.m., 10 shares of the First National Bank Stock.

21st M. F. KENNEY, Auc'r.

Loses Sight of Both Eyes.

Byron Royce, the twelve-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Royce, of near Mayville, met with horrible accident on Christmas day. The boy had a can of powder that he was endeavoring to fire off and noticing the blaze disappear that he had attempted to ignite the stuff with, he leaned over the can when suddenly an explosion occurred, burning the lad's face in a fearful manner and ruining the sight of both eyes. The attending physician has hopes of the little fellow's recovery but says his vision is gone.

Still at Large.

Wilson, the painter, who ran amuck at Bowling Green Saturday night and wounded six persons, is still at large and no trace of his whereabouts has been discovered. Posse searched every house in that section Wednesday where it was thought he might be. Gov. Beckham has offered a reward of \$500 for his capture. This makes \$600 now offered for him. Peter Bardemacher, the wounded officer, is still alive and the physicians now think he has an even chance for recovery. Homer Still, the clerk who was so badly cut, is also improving.

Wanted.

We are in the market for a limited quantity of corn.
4-tf E. F. SPEARS & SONS.

"Don't Be So Rough," said the "Corpse."

Mrs. Augusta Gardmann, of Chicago, Ills., Wednesday arose from an undertaker's slab where she was being prepared for burial and chided the undertaker for handling her so roughly.

The startled undertaker rubbed his eyes and pinched himself, then called the police.

By the time the patrol wagon came Mrs. Gardmann, who had swallowed a quantity of carbolic acid six hours before, had put on her clothes and was preparing to walk home.

For hours she had lain as dead in her home and her death certificate had been signed by two physicians. The undertaker had been working over her body for about three hours and was about to inject the embalming fluid when his subject stirred.

"Don't be so rough," she said suddenly. Then she got up and walked away.

Everybody says it comes from Winters' its all right.

Death Caused by Toy Pistol.

Tom Crutchfield died at Paducah from lockjaw resulting from a wound on his hand, caused by a toy pistol. It was the second death within a week from the same cause.

Sculptor Wants His Money.

Hon. C. J. Bronston, of Lexington, has been retained by Neihaus, the New York sculptor, who designed the bronze figure for the Goebel monument, to file suit, unless the statue, which has been completed for six months and approved by Arthur Goebel, is accepted and his claim paid. The Commission now refuses to view the model in its present state, and Adams & Sons, the contractors for the entire work, refuses to accept it before the Commission passes on it. Don't blame Signor Neihaus for getting tired waiting for his money.

From the Tomb to the Stage.

Miner Hicks, whose sudden rise to notoriety through his entombment of fifteen days, made him the object of many theatrical offers, Wednesday was engaged by N. J. Schmidt, of Berkeley, Cal., at a salary of \$500 per week for one year. The first exhibition will be held in Bakersfield tonight, and thereafter Hicks will travel up the valley as far as Fresno and will then go South to Los Angeles.

Harry Linville, prominent in the rescue work, has been engaged to act as lecturer and two of the miners will also be taken along.

For Sale.

We have a nice mare for sale.
18-tf A. F. WHEELER & CO.

The Alfalfa Man Dead.

Harrison Parkman, the man who first brought alfalfa from South America and planted it in the United States, died yesterday at Emporia, Kan., aged 73 years.

Big Surplus.

The surplus in the United States Treasury on December 31 will be \$25,000,000, three times the amount at the same period last year. It is believed the Rivers and Harbors appropriation will be large.

Bloody Breathitt Once More.

Unknown men fired volley after volley of rifle blasts into the home of Hiram Mullins, in Breathitt county, seriously wounding Mullins and his son. The general store of Elbert Hargis was broken open earlier and all the cartridges it contained were taken.

Resist Paying Taxes.

Resisting with force of arms the collection of taxes to pay bonds for a railroad which was never built, a mob of 1,000 men marched into Olive Hill, Ky., and retook from the tax collector a stock of goods which had been levied on to be sold for taxes. The mob dispersed after firing many volleys on the streets of the town.

The Cynthiana Hospital.

About \$10,000 has been subscribed to the Cynthiana Hospital, and \$5,000 additional is required to furnish proper equipment. The \$10,000 has been subscribed by about 125 people. Others are expected to respond liberally says the Cynthiana Democrat. The W. S. Cason property on Penn and Popular streets in that city, has been contracted for, and the Casons will vacate the building about January 20. The house is large and the grounds ample,

TO THE PUBLIC.

During this happy season of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," I am mindful of the fact that the people of Bourbon and the adjoining counties have been exceedingly liberal in their patronage in the past. I am deeply grateful, and in announcing that in the future I will be found at the same old stand, I solicit a continuance of their good will.

I extend to all a wish for a Merry Christmas and Happy and Prosperous New Year.

CHAS. R. JAMES.

Extraordinary Values.

FRANK & CO.,
"The Ladies' Store."

See our Late Arrivals in **New Fancy Loose Coats.** Special Values at **\$5, 7.50, 8.50, 9.50**

New Loose Black Coats. SPECIAL VALUES AT **\$6.50, \$10, Up.**

FURS, FURS! Special Line of Ladies', Children's and Misses' Fine Furs for Christmas.



EXTRA SPECIAL.

Every Ladies' and Misses Suit

In our Entire Stock at Just 1-2 the Original Price.

TOYS - DOLLS - TOYS.
Our Toy Department is Now Ready for
Your Visit. Come and Bring
the Children.

New lines of Handkerchiefs, Chiffon Scarfs, Stocks, Ties, Linen Scarfs, Squares, Center Pieces, Comb and Brush Sets, Plated Silverware of All Kinds.

FRANK & CO., - - - **Paris, Kentucky.**
TELEPHONE 175.

Fresh Fish,
Oysters,
AND
Celery.

SHEA & CO.
Both Phones 423.

SPECIAL RATES

VIA
L. & N.
AND

Connecting Lines.

Special one-way second-class Colonist tickets to the West and Southwest on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month, Dec. 1906 to April 1907. Return limit 30 days.

Special holiday rates, one and one-third fare plus 25 cents for the round trip (minimum rate 50 cents). Tickets on sale Dec. 20 to 25 inclusive, and Dec. 30 to Jan 1, 1907, inclusive. Good return January 7, 1907.

For further information apply to the undersigned.

W. H. HARRIS, Agent,
D. S. JORDAN, T. A.

Don't Do Anything
Until You See
TWIN BROS.
Line of Fall and Winter
SUITS AND OVERCOATS.
We Sell
HAWES' \$3.00 HAT.
W. L. DOUGLAS'
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50
SHOES FOR MEN.

PURITY
is the
best
FLOUR
for your dough.
Sold by all Grocers.

Paris Milling Co.

GEO. W. DAVIS,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LICENSED EMBALMER.
BOTH PHONES—DAY 137; NIGHT 299.

Guarantee a Cure in Every Case I Undertake

REFERENCES—Any Citizen of Paris. Address me at Paris, Ky.

W. R. SMITH, Lock Box 631.

TO OUR PATRONS.

In grateful acknowledgment we wish to extend thanks to our many Patrons and Friends who have helped to make this the busiest furniture store in Paris. We solicit a continuance of their patronage.

A.F. WHEELER FURNITURE CO.

The Store That Saves You Money.

CALIFORNIA SHERRY WINE,

\$1.25 PER GALLON.

For a Few Days Only.

L. SALOSHIN,

Both Phone—Home 255; E. Tenn. 29.
Corner Main and Seventh, Paris, Ky.

Cancers Cured Without Knife or Pain.



Sheriff's Sale

FOR TAXES.

On Monday, Jan 7, 1907,

In front of the courthouse door, in Paris, Ky., about the hour of noon, I will expose to public sale for delinquent State and County Tax, for the year of 1906, the following described real estate, or enough thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said tax with penalty and costs of sale. If any errors or double assessments occur in these lists, please notify us, so that corrections can immediately be made.

E. P. CLARK, Sheriff of Bourbon County.

PARIS—WHITE.

McSherry, P. H., lot, Eighth street, Paris 11 25

Mernaugh, Peter, estate, house and lot, Washington st. Paris 6 22

McKimey, E. J., h & l, Paris 31 17

Overby, Robt., lot, Paris 6 25

Rector, Annie, 6 acres, near Burnett, Mt. Airy 13 08

Roberts, Sarah E., lot, Mt. Airy 2 77

MILLERSBURG—WHITE.

Johnson, Wm., house and lot, & L. pike, Millersburg 19 92

McNamara, Jas., lot, Millersburg 12 01

FLAT ROCK—WHITE.

Bolson, Henry, lot, L. Rock 8 78

Crouch, R. T., 55 acres, near Graves 18 92

Johnson, J. W., 80 acres, near Hedges 55 93

Martin, M. D., 4 acres, near Fonta 6 57

Robbins heirs, 28 acres, next Wilkerson 8 55

NORTH MIDDLETOWN—WHITE.

Hart, Mrs. J. W., 18 acres, near Rice 31 27

Reid, J. W., 27 acres, Setters land 21 48

HUTCHISON—WHITE.

Estes, H. T., 8 acres near cemetery, Paris 16 04

Howe, Mrs. Russell, 25 acres, near Putler 24 37

CENTERVILLE—WHITE.

Allen, A. L., lot, Jacksonville 8 42

Collins, Mrs. Emily, 175 acres, near McMillan 114 87

Collins, Al, 4 acres, near Houston 5 60

Shropshire, Mrs. Elizabeth, 196 acres, near Sparks 74 06

RUDDLES MILLS—WHITE.

David, Mrs. Mariah, 57 acres, near Tate 25 57

Dunn, Jos., 68 acres, Baird land 44 61

Jones, Margaret, 1 lot, R. Mills 5 16

NON-RESIDENTS—WHITE.

Eriney, Claudio, 10 acres, near Batterton 6 00

Berry, W. F., 31 acres, near T. Smith 18 42

Batson, Amanda, 1 lot, M-Burg Baldwin, W. W., 2 lots, M. & L. pike 6 29

Cox, Mrs. S. A., 17 acres, next Mrs. Stone 16 48

Connor, Thos., 27 acres, next Shropshire 10 64

Dalrymple, C., 5 acres land next to Gillispie 11 27

Ford, Mrs. Frank, 196 acres, near B. Steele 7 26

Kimbrough, A. L., guardian Henry, 6 acres, next J. Houston 126 09

Parish, John, heirs, lot, M. & L. pike 5 23

Ramsey, Jas. H., lot, Ruddles Mills 4 01

Simpson, Annie H., 110 acres, next Gaines 4 81

Security B. & L. Association of Lexington, Ky., lot, Centerville 47 12

Vanhook, James, land 4 02

Whitney, Geo., lot, Centerville 4 75

Young, Rev. T. J., 9 acres, Taylor estate 6 29

Taylor estate 2 29

PARIS—COLORED.

Baker, Eliza, lot, Paris 3 28

Breckinridge, Geo., estate, lot, Paris 4 13

Beatty & Ward, Sarah & Hallie, lot, Paris 4 35

Craig, Lucy, lot, Paris 5 89

Conrad, H. M., lot, Paris 5 36

Fields, Cal, lot, Paris 3 10

Fields, Ed, lot, Paris 5 01

Fields, Dock, lot, Paris 3 78

Fisher, John, lot, Paris 5 03

Ferguson, Annie, lot, Paris 2 18

French, James, lot, Paris 3 78

Green, Ann, lot, Paris 5 01

Humble, Lucinda, lot, Paris 7 88

Johnson, Newt, lot, Paris 5 01

Kalamese, J. W., lot, Paris 7 88

Marshall & Thompson, lot, Paris 6 29

Mickens, Fannie, lot, Paris 3 28

Neal, Henry, lot, Paris 4 02

Riley, Mrs. Polly, lot, Paris 2 89

Steele, Nathan, lot, Paris 5 61

Smith, Lizzie, lot, Paris 3 44

Tiffy, Sol, estate, lot, Paris 3 27

Spears, Mary, lot, Paris 3 78

Willis, Tom, lot, Paris 5 01

Watts, Willis & Bettie, lot, Paris 2 82

MILLERSBURG—COLORED.

Ayres, Silvia, lot, Millersburg 9 40

Allen, Molly, lot, Millersburg 2 87

Allen, Harriet, lot, Millersburg 3 43

Anderson, John, lot, Millersburg 7 74

Armisted, Mary, estate, lot, Millersburg 5 13

Allen, G. Harriet, lot, Millersburg 3 44

Banks, Tower, lot, Millersburg 5 62

Brown, Wm., lot, Millersburg 4 01

Clark, Cal, lot, Millersburg 2 80

Hughes, Lizzie, lot, Millersburg 4 02

Johnson, Reuben, heirs, lot, Millersburg 2 89

Huffman, Mary L., lot, M-Burg Ferry, Wm., lot, Millersburg 2 00

Ratcliffe, Lou, heirs, lot, Millersburg 5 58

Turney, Bridget, lot, Millersburg 2 33

Taylor, Alex, lot, Millersburg 2 34

Purdell, Chas., lot, Millersburg 3 95

Price, Amanda, estate, lot, Millersburg 2 97

Towles, Nelson, lot, Millersburg 2 83

Wilson, Dave, lot, Millersburg 2 82

FLAT ROCK—COLORED.

Allen, Harve, lot, Little Rock 13 50

Bramblett, Gano, lot, L. Rock 6 39

Green, A. J., lot, Little Rock 8 44

Holton, Jas, lot, Little Rock 6 52

Hall, Gus, est (Mollie Hall) lot, Little Rock 9 80

Kimbrough, Morton, lot, L. Rock 4 88

McGowan, Lucinda, lot, L. Rock 2 83

Mark, Jane, lot, Little Rock 2 89

Williams, Chris, lot, L. Rock 4 86

Wilson, Mary E., lot, L. Rock 16 70

Whittington, Elizabeth, lot, Little Rock 1 70

NORTH MIDDLETOWN—COLORED.

Allen, Dave, lot, North Middletown 3 90

Bush, Susan, estate, lot, Claysville 2 30

Breckenridge, Pauline, lot, Claysville 3 44

Booker, Jim, lot, Claysville 4 9

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Governor—S. W. Hager.
For Lieut.-Governor—South Trimble.
For Attorney-General—J. K. Hendrick.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction—E. A. Gullion.
For Commissioner of Agriculture—J. W. Newman.
For Secretary of State—Hubert Vreeland.
For Auditor—Henry Bosworth.
For Treasurer—Ruby Laffoon.
For Clerk Court of Appeals—John B. Chenault.
For United States Senator—J. C. W. Beckham.

Fine Engraving.

The News has an engraver who does the finest of work in the very latest style on short notice. A box of engraved visiting cards would make a nice Christmas present. Leave your order with us.

Deaths From Appendicitis.

Decrease in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless release from consipation and ills growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by Oberdorfer, the druggist. 25 cents. Try them now.

Good News to Women.

Father William's Indian Tea, Natures Remedy, is becoming the most popular Female Remedy in use. Pale, Weak, Nervous, Delicate Women suffering from those weaknesses and diseases, peculiar to their sex, will find in Father William's Indian Tea a wonderful Tonic and Regulator. It quiets the Nerves, puts on flesh, gives strength and elasticity to the skin, brightens the eyes, clears the complexion and makes you well and strong again. Tea or Tablets, 20 cents. For sale by W. T. Brooks.

FATE and a FOOLER

By MARGARET MUZZEEY

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

All during July, Whitney progressed in Mildred Mason's favor with the approval of her small brother, Tom, a consideration by no means to be despised, when the curate of St. Jude's appeared on the scene and spoiled it all. The first intimation of change in the usual order of events came when Mildred refused to play golf on Sunday.

"When a person can play all the week," she said, "I think he ought to make a difference on Sunday."

"But it is my only opportunity to play with you, and I spend my week ends here for that sole purpose," pleaded Whitney. "I cannot understand this sudden access of conscience."

Mildred looked offended, and Whitney was about to apologize when Tom slipped a hand through his arm.

"Come and go around with me, Mr. Whitney. Mildred is a little morbid just now, but it won't last," and as they went away together Tom explained.

"It is that curate chap—he came out here last Monday and spent the week—all the women are crazy about him. Heaven knows what there is about a collar that buttons behind, but girls always go down before it like ninepins."

"Was he—was he especially attentive to any one?" Whitney's voice shook.

"Sure—stuck to Mildy like a barnacle to a lampost. I thought when she saw him play golf she'd break away. It was enough to make angels bawl."

"Did you say she was pleased with—"

"Couldn't drive six feet—made eleven strokes and six foozles to the first green, then—"

"But do you think she enjoyed—"

"Then putted out in five. What do you think of that?"

"It was a hideously excruciating, revolting spectacle! Did Miss Mildred appear interested in—"

"He drove four balls into the brook and instead of cursing like a gentleman he said, 'Dear me, what an exasperating game!'"

It was no use trying to get any satisfaction from Tom. He talked of nothing but the curate's foozles and failures, and the only information Whitney obtained was that the person intended to be at Windcliff every week during the remainder of the summer.

The next Saturday Whitney found Mildred more than ever ensnared by the curate. She not only refused to play golf Sunday, but read a book called "Narrow Paths" all the evening.

Tom walked to the station with Mr. Whitney Monday morning and asked if there was anything he could do for him.

"Get rid of the foozling parson," said Tom. "He uses his irons like a grave-digger, and he has lost three of my new handmade pannicines."

"I wish he was a missionary," sighed Whitney.

"In the cannibal islands," added Tom.

The following Friday Whitney received a postal card with these words: "Plot thickens. Take a vacation. Tom."

Whitney, panic stricken, went to Windcliff on the next train. He found Tom on the ninth green about to try a dillenit stroke, and, laying hands suddenly upon him, asked breathlessly:

"What did you mean by that postal card?"

"Lucky you didn't grab till I had made that put. I might have juu jit-sued you," said Tom. "Let's see, counting on this fingers, four to the brook, one on to the green; that is five!"

"Answer my question," Whitney shook him roughly.

"Two puts in seven. Oh, that was just a threat. Thought you better be on the spot. Here comes the foozling fascinator now."

After introducing the curate, Tom inquired anxiously:

"How is your head today, Mr. Seton?"

"All right when I am up and about, thank you." Turning to Whitney: "I have suffered from the most peculiar symptoms lately. When I lie down at night I have a rumbling sound in my head that prevents my sleeping."

"How do you account for it?" asked Whitney.

"It's the beastly dampness," Tom remarked. "A man here last summer began with exactly your symptoms and his doctor told him if he didn't go away from the lake quick he would be a raving maniac."

The curate turned pale.

"Dear me, I should hate to leave this delightful place, but I cannot run such a risk as that."

By August so many bachelors arrived that the landlady turned the boys and bachelors into the "Anne," a small cottage divided into bedrooms by thin wooden partitions, and the curate, Mr. Whitney and Tom were relegated to these quarters, Tom's room being between the other two.

Whitney passed the time playing golf with Tom, who was singularly unlike himself. Instead of being indefatigable and bubbling over with spirits, he was languid and dull. He said the bare possibility of having a foozler enter his family reduced his nervous system to a pulp.

"What on earth did you bring me here for?" asked Whitney. "I can't see anything of your sister without that everlasting parson."

"She will be tired of his symptoms before long," said Tom.

"She appears to be in love with him and his symptoms."

Master's Sale.

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.
Trustees of the Ruddles Mills Methodist Episcopal church, on Petition.

NOTICE OF SALE.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale made and entered in the above styled action at the November Term, 1906, of the Bourbon Circuit Court, I will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder at the court house door in the city of Paris, Ky., on

Monday, January 7, 1907,

being the first day of the County Court, at about the hour of 11 o'clock a.m., the following described real estate, to wit:

Situated near the village of Ruddles Mills, in Bourbon county, Kentucky, bounded as follows:

Fronting forty (40) feet in the middle of the Millersburg and Cynthiana turnpike and extending back therefrom towards Hinkston creek, the same with throughout, two hundred and seventy-two feet (272) to said Foster's line, bounded on the West by the Methodist church lot, and on the North by said Fosters' lot, said tract or lot of ground containing one-fourth of an acre.

TERMS.—Said sale will be made upon a credit of six and twelve months for equal parts of the purchase money, for which the purchaser will be required to execute bonds with good security, payable to the undersigned Master Commissioner and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum from day of sale until paid, said bond shall have the force and effect of judgments.

RUSSELL MANN,
M. C. B. C. C.

Denis Dundon, Attorney.

22-28 4-3

A Mountain of Gold

Could not bring as much happiness to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., as did one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, when it completely cured a running sore on her leg, which had tortured her 23 long years. Greatest antiseptic healer of piles, wounds and sores. 25 cents at Oberdorfer's drug store.

ELITE BARBER SHOP,

CARL - GRAWFORD,

Proprietor.

Cold and Hot Baths.

FIVE CHAIRS — NO WAITS.

Only First-class Barbers Employed.

PILES

Dr. Williams' Indian Pipe Ointment. It cures Piles, Bleeding, and Itching. It relieves the tumor, relieves a position, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pipe Ointment is used for piles and Itching of the private parts. Every one is warranted. By druggists, by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and \$1.00. WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO., Props., Cleveland, Ohio. For Sale by Oberdorfer.

Dangers of

Defective Plumbing!

Defective plumbing permits the entrance into the house of sewer gas bearing germs of contagious disease to which the human system readily succumbs. Sewer gas is not necessarily generated in the sewer, but is frequently created in the plumbing system within the home and enters the apartments through defective fixtures. If in doubt consult us regarding the piping and repairing defective fixtures with "STANDARD" Porcelain Enameled Ware, acknowledged as the best sanitary equipment.

J. J. CONNELLY, Plumber.

TELEPHONE 180.

Book-Keeping, Business Phonography, Type-Writing, Telegraphy. FOR A SITUATION.

WILBUR R. SMITH, LEXINGTON, KY.

For circular of his famous and responsible COMMERCIAL COLLEGE OF KY. UNIVERSITY

Awarded Medal at World's Exposition. Refers to thousands of graduates in positions. Cost of Full Business Course, including Tuition, Board and Board in Family, about \$100.

Shortland Type-Writing, Penmanship, Specialties.

Kentucky University Diploma, for seal, awarded graduates. Literary courses free, if desired.

No vacations. Enter now. Graduate successful.

WILBUR R. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.

P. S. Beware of any irresponsible College promising positions.

21-37

Frankfort & Cincinnati Ry.

"THE MIDLAND ROUTE."

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Lv Frankfort at 6.20 am and 2.00 pm

Ar Geo'town..... 7.12 am and 2.47 pm

Ar at Paris at..... 7.50 am and 3.25 pm

Lv Paris at..... 8.30 am and 5.42 pm

Ar at Geo'town..... 9.04 am and 6.25 pm

Ar at Frankfort 11.25 am and 7.20 pm

Close connection made at Paris with trains to and from Cincinnati, Maysville, Cynthiana, Winchester and Richmond.

Connections made at Georgetown with the Southern Railway.

GEO. B. HARPER,

Tres. and Gen. Supt.

C. W. HAY, G. P. A.

REXALL

REMEDIES HAVE ARRIVED IN TOWN.

No doubt you have heard of them. They are used by several millions of people throughout the United States, and we sell them to you with a guarantee that if they are not what we claim we will gladly refund your money. One remedy for each human ill.

Some three years ago a number of prominent retail druggists—realizing that a big change was to be made in the proprietary medicine business, that the public demanded to know what the ingredients were of the preparations they were advertising, and that a general reform was about to take place in proprietary medicine manufacturing and advertising, formed a co-operative company to meet the public's demand. This company was called The United Drug Co., of which the undersigned has become one of the two thousand members.

Our object was, first, to manufacture a line of prescriptions such as we had tried out in our stores and found to give the very best of results, and second, by owning our own co-operative manufacturing company we would be able to know the exact formula of every preparation we were selling, thus enabling us to give to the public the very best remedies we could find at actual manufacturing cost, plus a single retail profit.

This enabled The United Drug Company to escape the heavy charges for advertising and other expenses such as have to be paid by proprietary remedies. What was most important, it insures safety and satisfaction to our customers, because we druggists know just what we are selling.

A committee of experts was appointed who spent a long time in testing the merits of more than two thousand formulas and prescriptions recommended.

Three of the 200 "Rexall" Remedies, one for each human ill, are:

FOR CATARRH—MUCU-TONE

AMERICANITIS ELIXIR

The chief ingredients of Mucu-Tone are Gentian, Cubeb, Cascara Sagrada, Glycerine, and Sarsaparilla. Gentian is recognized in medicine as one of the greatest tonics ever discovered. It is the foundation on which Mucu-Tone is built. Gentian combines in high degree the tonic powers of all the known "bitters," with none of the disadvantages applying to them.

Cubeb has long been recognized as a specific in the treatment of all catarrhal conditions. Its action is prompt and its benefit almost invariable. In whatever part of the body the inflamed or diseased condition of the mucous membrane exists, the use of Cubeb has been recommended by the best physicians for many generations.

Cascara Sagrada is especially introduced for its necessary laxative properties.

The combination of these with Glycerine and Sarsaparilla makes Mucu-Tone a remedy that attacks catarrh from every point, gradually restores and rebuilds the diseased tissues to their former health and strength, promotes digestion and creates a normal appetite. Bottle, 50c. \$1.50 a bottle.

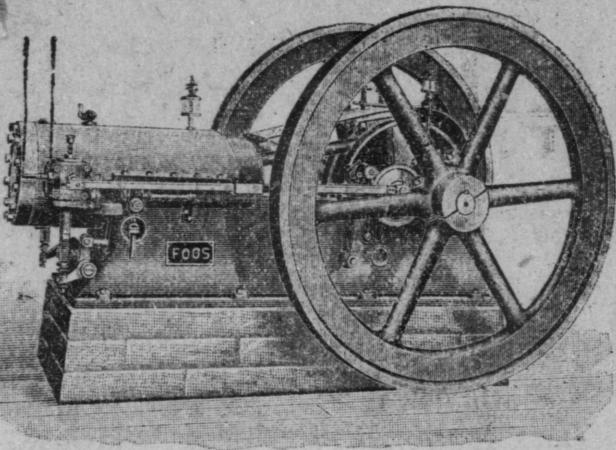
"Rexall" Remedies are found only in the stores of druggists affiliated with The United Drug Company—only one in each town and each backs up this "Rexall" guarantee printed on every package: "This preparation is guaranteed to give satisfaction. If it does not, come back and get your money. It belongs to you, and we want you to have it."

G. S. VARDEN & SON, Druggists

The **Rexall Store**

FOOS GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINES

Last longer and give better service than any engine on the market. Why? Because only the best material and workmanship that money can buy are used in their construction. They are the most accessible, simplest and easiest to operate of any engine sold today.



A few of the superior points are: The governor, with which you can change the speed while running. Economy of fuel, due to the construction of the valves and positive action of the governor. The igniter, which makes a spark one-half inch long will start the engine on the first turn and is guaranteed not to foul. The balance weights on the crank shaft instead of on the fly wheels, which insure steady running and minimum of wear on the bearings. The lubricating system, and lots of others that we will tell you about if you will just give us a chance. We have samples on the floor and can give you a demonstration any time.

We also carry in stock a full line of Belle City and Ross Feed Cutters, the best of their kind. Kemp Manure Spreaders, Vehicles, Wagons, Implements, Seeds, Coal, Salt, etc. You need our goods and we need your money. Give us a call.

YERKES & KENNEY.

Neely's Old Stand. Poth Phones 66.

MILLERSBURG ITEMS.

Job printing, neat and cheap. Give me a call.

R. M. CALDWELL.

Mr. W. E. Butler lost a watch twelve years ago at Blue Lick Springs. Some time ago he learned it was in possession of a man at Mt. Olivet and he put the matter in the hands of Constable J. H. Linville, who succeeded in regaining it for him Tuesday.

Master Harry Roache, the bright little nephew of Mrs. C. M. Best entertained quite a number of his little friends at M. M. I. Thursday evening.

Christmas passed off quietly here. Under the new law there was no fireworks on the streets and the police were given little trouble. Mr. John Maher was sworn in as special policeman. The saloons did a good business, some taking a little too much of the "Oh be joyful," and had to be locked up to cool off. The police court did a good business Wednesday morning and the town received quite a nice little Christmas present in the way of fines. The merchants all report a good Christmas trade. It was something above the average. It was the first time in the history of the town that no fireworks of any description were seen or heard on the streets.

We are in the market for hemp, corn and hay, paying the highest market price.

PEALE COLLIER & CO.

Miss Margaret Dorsey, of Carlisle, was the guest of the Misses McClintock Monday.

Miss Mary Louise Boulden was the guest of Misses Susie and Willie Johnson, of Lexington, Thursday, returning today.

You have heard about the \$10.00 lamp, \$5.00 chamber set and nice China pitcher we are going to give away. Come in and learn the particulars, with every 25 cents worth you buy for us, you get a ticket.

C. W. HOWARD.

Miss Mattie Thorn and brothers entertained Wednesday evening in honor of their guest, Prof. Millen, of Tennessee.

Dr. Arthur Laird, is spending the holidays with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. H. R. Laird.

John Brown, of Atlanta, Ga., is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Brown.

W. P. Dickey and family, who moved a few weeks ago from Lexington, will move to Atlanta, Ga., Monday. Mr. Dickey will open a coal office here.

Lewis Rogers and family were guests of Mrs. Rogers' father, Mr. J. G. Aiken Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jaynes Savage and Mr. and Mrs. William Hinton, of Paris, spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Savage.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Humphrey, a son.

W. M. Beecraft left Monday for Jacksonville, Ill., to spend the holidays with relatives. His wife and daughter, Miss Florence, who have been there for several weeks with him.

Mrs. Mahala Beecraft, of Carlisle, arrived Monday to spend several days with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tunc.

Mrs. Martha McClelland is spending the holidays with Mrs. Lou Ireland, of Paris.

There was a reunion of the Taylor family at the Taylor house Tuesday, and one of those characteristic dinners for which Mrs. Taylor is famous, was spread before the guests.

Mrs. R. E. Mann served a most excellent dinner at Bourbon Hotel Christmas day, and all the guests were well pleased.

The little folks of the Presbyterian Sunday school, were all remembered Wednesday night at the Presbyterian

church when presents were dispensed from a well-filled Christmas tree.

Mrs. Thomas Prather, of Lexington, is spending the holidays with her sisters.

Messrs. Alex. Miller and Glenn Shanklin attended the society hop given by Miss Helen Shanklin at her paternal home near Mayslick Wednesday night.

Mrs. Turner Perry, of Owingsville, arrived Sunday to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McClinton.

John W. McDaniel, of Cynthiana, spent Christmas day with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McDaniel.

Mrs. Fannie Rand and nephews, of Lexington, are spending the holidays with Rev. and Mrs. William Morphis.

Mrs. George Bramble and children, of Escondida, are spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dykes.

Dr. Floyd Long, of the Chicago University, is at home for the holidays.

Mr. G. W. McClinton and family, Mr. C. W. Howard and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McIntyre, spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. David Hood, of Nepton.

New Year's gift! We have said it first. Come and give it to us so that we may give it to those to whom we are indebted.

PEALE COLLIER & CO.

T. P. Wadell shipped this season over 20,000 turkeys for C. S. Brent & Bro., of Paris. Turkeys are selling at 15 cents per pound on foot and 18 cents dressed.

Miss Margaret Stahl, renowned reader, will appear at the opera house on Friday evening, January 4th, in "Enoch Arden." This is the third number of the Lyceum Course under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist church. Miss Stahl comes to us highly endorsed, and should be greeted by a good audience. Tickets go on sale at Smith & Wadell's drug store Monday.

Midwife's Horrible Record.

A midwife, living in the Vivienne quarter, in Paris, France, was arrested Tuesday on the charge of the systematic murder of new born infants. The midwife, with the aid of a servant, cut up and burned the bodies of the children she slew.

The evidence so far obtained indicated that one hundred and twenty-five had been murdered by the two women.

Flocking to Hawaii.

Commissioner General Sargent of the Bureau of Immigration, who went to Honolulu at the special request of President Roosevelt to be present at the landing of the Portuguese immigrants, called on the President this week.

"There are probably 60,000 Japanese in the Hawaiian islands," said Mr. Sargent, "and they are arriving there at the rate of from 600 to 1,000 a month. The new arrivals do not remain long on the islands, however, and soon go to the Pacific coast. They are leaving in large numbers by each steamer. In the last twelve months 13,000 Japanese have gone from the Hawaiian islands to the mainland of this country."

Mr. Sargent was asked why the Japanese first go to Hawaii. He explained it by saying that as he understood the case, the Japanese Government does not issue passports to the United States proper as it is unaware whether its citizens could get work here, but the fact that there is a demand for laborers in Hawaii induces the issue of passports to the islands.

Mr. Sargent admitted there was considerable feeling against the Japanese in many portions of the island, as their labor is cheaper and their merchants are underselling the American merchants in the islands and taking away the trade previously held by the latter with the Japanese.

McCarthy & Board

Insurance Agents,

Representing:

ROYAL,
ETNA,
NORTH BRITISH,
CONTINENTAL,
GLENS FALLS,
AMERICAN,
HAMBURG BREMEN,
GEORGIA HOME.

Special Lines:

Guarantee and Indemnity Bond,
Plate Glass and Accident.

OFFICE AT

Deposit Bank,
Either Phone No. 25.

BOGAERT. J. E. KNOCKE

VICTOR BOGAERT,
Manufacturing Jewelery and Importer

No. 135 W. Main Street,
Lexington, Kentucky.

Importing House—Brussels, Belgium.

FOR RENT.

House and lot on Twelfth street, near Christian Church parsonage. House contains three rooms, dining room, kitchen, hall, back porch, veranda.

Large garden, stable and lot. Water works and cistern. Possession given January 6, 1907. Apply to G. W. JUDY, Telephone 19, Paris, Ky.

FOR SALE.

Good milch cow, 5-year-old, fresh January 1st. Black Polled-Angus. For further particulars call on or address B. J. BRANNON, Paris, Ky.

FOR SALE.

I will offer for sale privately all of my household effects including parlor and dining room furniture, chairs, tables, etc. All solid mahogany and as good as new. Lace curtains, bric-a-brac, carpets, etc. The purchases can get a bargain if they call at once, as I intend to sell everything at once and give possession of above mentioned articles on 1st day of May, 1907. For further particulars call on or address MRS. NELLIE S. HIGHLAND, East Tenn. Phone 636. Paris, Ky. 25-tf

Backward Season Has
Overtaken Us With

Men's and Boy's Suits
and Overcoats.

They must be sold. Profit is no object. They will make useful Christmas presents.

Give us a call.

PRICE & CO., CLOTHIERS.....

IT'S WIEDEMANN.

NO BEER AS GOOD AS THAT GOOD BEER,
WIEDEMANN.

For Sale at All First-Class Saloons.
Recommended as Best for Family Use.

LYONS' SALOON,
Wholesale Agent, Paris, Ky.

BROWER'S

To our friends we express our thanks for their kindness and our appreciation of their business during of their business during the year that is passed.

Our policy during the coming year will remain the same. We will sell good furniture—the kind with a meaning—and the kind we can guarantee.

C. F. BROWER & CO.
LEXINGTON, KY.

DAN COHEN

Freeman & Freeman's
Old Stand,
336 Main Street,
Paris, Ky.

Men's Felt Boots,
First Quality Rubber.

Snag Proof
For This Week Only, at
Special Price 1.99

Same in Boys' at
Special Price \$1.74

THE
"Middle Stable."
Phones 31.

Having consolidated my two Livery Stables, I can be found in the future at the "Middle Stable;" where we will be able to furnish the best of Livery of all kinds at reasonable charges.

Horses boarded by day, week or month.

Special attention given to furnishing of carriages for Parties, Balls, Funerals, Etc.

Wm. Flinton, Jr.

Christmas.

You are cordially invited to come in and see our interesting display of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks and Silverware. Beautiful line of Cut Glass. Rosane Pottery in artistic designs. Handsome line of Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas. Toilet Sets, Hand Bags, and many things too numerous to mention. No trouble to show goods. Repairing promptly done.

Louis Hooge.

Jeweler and Silversmith,
334 Main Street, - - Paris, Ky.

NEW SALOON!

The finest of Whiskies, Wines, Beers, Cigars, Etc., can be found at the New Saloon, corner of Main and 10th Streets, lately purchased by

T. F. BRANNON,

Messrs. JOS. MULLANEY and PHIL DEIGNAN, the popular bartenders, are in charge of the place, and invite their friends to call.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

SWIFT CHAMP., EDITOR AND OWNER



JEWELERS & SILVERSMITHS.

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

The Top Price.

The highest price paid for tobacco at Mt. Sterling in ten years was Saturday when an agent for the American Tobacco Company purchased 18,000 pounds from S. B. Lane at 14 cents straight. The tobacco was of a high quality and the price tops the market.

The best Fountain Pen in the world is the Ideal Waterman's, at Winters'.

At Christian Church.

Elder Carey E. Morgan will preach a New Year's sermon at the Christian Church Sunday morning. At the evening service his subject will be "The Motto of a Man Who Succeeds." Elder Morgan is planning a series of Sunday evening sermons to run through the month of January. These sermons are intended to appeal to the reason and courage of men concerning life and its opportunities.

The leading brand of flour now sold is the Red Cross made by E. F. Spears & Sons. 24-tf

Taken to Maysville.

Fearing that a mob was forming at Carlisle to lynch "Dick" Ellis, a young imbecile, who shot and seriously if not fatally wounded Edward Bitterman, of Lexington, in Nicholas county Saturday night, Judge McNew Monday night ordered Ellis taken to the jail in Maysville for safekeeping. Bitterman is improving at Lexington Hospital. His grandmother died in Oklahoma about the same time he was shot.

The Best Fountain Pens.

We sell the best Fountain Pen made, the John Holland. Nothing would please your husband more than one of these famous pens.

24-tf LOUIS HOOGE.

At Baptist Church.

The Baptists will have a very important meeting Sunday morning. Every member is requested and expected to be present. Pastor Geo. W. Clarke will preach Sunday night on, "Why Halt ye Between Two Opinions? If the Lord Be God Follow Him, but if Baal then Follow him."

We have the right goods at right prices. That's all.
A. J. Winters & Co.

Received Electric Shock.

Wm. R. Taylor, 14-year-old son of Mr. G. W. Taylor, came in contact with a live electric wire Monday, on South Main, and was knocked from the pavement to the middle of the street. He escaped with one of his hands badly burned and a few bruises from the fall. A telephone wire had in some manner across one of the Traction Company's live wire.

Fined the Limit.

In Justice J. P. Howell's court at Clintonville, Dave Washington was fined \$40 upon a plea of guilty to disorderly conduct. Washington came to Paris Monday and "tanking up" on bad whisky went to his home near Clintonville, and made the night hideous while celebrating, causing people in the neighborhood to become alarmed for their safety. "Squire Towell gave the noisy negro the limit, which he paid and was released.

If it comes from Winters' you know it's all right.

Tobacco Purchases.

B. F. Buckley made the following purchases of tobacco this week: Of Myers & Henry, 10,000 pounds, at \$9.10 per hundred; of S. S. Williams, 8,000, at 7½ cents; of Sharon & Williams, 7,000, at 11 cents; of B. T. Hintoh, 5,000, at 9 cents; of Dudley Williamson, 5,000, at 10½ cents.

Ed. Turner sold to the American Tobacco Company his crop of ten acres at 9½ cents per pound. The tobacco weighed an average of 1,440 pounds per acre, from which Mr. Turner realized \$141 per acre.

George Ellis bought of John Toohey 20,000 pounds of tobacco at 12½ cents per pound.

Christmas Services at Catholic Church.

The Christmas services at the Catholic Church, in this city, Tuesday, were unusually interesting and impressive. The regular choir of the church was assisted by J. A. Schwartz, cornetist, and Miss Esther Margolen, violinist. The music was indeed inspiring and beautiful.

Rev. Father Charles, who was here assisting Rev. Father Cusack, at the evening service delivered his lecture "Why Catholics Are Sometimes Misunderstood." This eloquent and learned young Father was given the closest attention and fully sustained his reputation as a pulpit orator. His lecture was instructive, practical and eloquent, and highly enjoyed by the large congregation.

Our housekeepers say Spears & Sons' Red Cross Flour has no equal. Sold by all grocers. 24-tf

Knights Templar Services Sunday Evening.

The Knights Templar religious services that was to have been held Tuesday morning, was postponed until Sunday evening, December 30, at 7 o'clock, in the First Presbyterian Church. A special prepared sermon for the occasion will be delivered by Rev. Joseph S. Malone, pastor of the church, and a member of Couer de Lion Commandery, No. 26. The singing will be under the direction of Dr. Frank Fithian.

All Knights Templar are requested to meet Sunday evening, promptly at 6:30 at the lodge room to attend in a body and in uniform. The public is also invited to attend the services. Invitations have been mailed to the Commanderies of our neighboring cities to attend, and it is expected that a number of visiting Sir Knights will be present.

PERSONALS.

Miss Lorine Butler entertained the Hi Ki Club Monday evening.

Miss Esther Maigold is visiting relatives on Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

G. S. Varden, the druggist, left Tuesday on a business trip to Pittsburgh.

Miss Sarah Tarlton, of Georgetown, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Crawford.

The young ladies will give a dance at Elks' Hall tonight. Miss Laura Clay will lead.

Mrs. W. B. Woodford left Wednesday to visit her sister, Mrs. Lizzie Taylor, at St. Louis.

Messrs. Kramer Bain and Otho Kimbrough, of Lexington, are guests of J. C. Elgin, Jr.

Miss Theresa McDermott, of Frankfort, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Thomas McDermott.

Mrs. L. C. Moore, of Detroit, Mich., arrived yesterday to visit her mother, Mrs. Lamira Wilmot.

Capt. and Mrs. Frank Webb are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Burns, at Nepton, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Winn, of Mt. Sterling, are guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Turney.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wood, of Mt. Sterling, are guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Whaley.

Mrs. Lucy Simms and daughter, Miss Lucy Simms, will leave January 1st to visit Mr. Edward Simms in Texas.

Miss Allene Power is at home from College, spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Power.

Miss Mildred Davis, of Mt. Sterling, and Miss Virginia Christian, of Chilesburg, are guests of Miss Helen Davis.

Mrs. Wm. Schnick, of Beaumont, Texas, is here spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Lovell.

Hon. F. L. McCchesney has returned from Louisville, where he took his Christmas dinner with his son, Mr. J. R. McCchesney.

Miss Virginia Crutcher, of North Middletown, is spending the holidays with her sisters, Misses Elizabeth and Nellie Crutcher.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wood and son, Wallace, of Winchester, spent Christmas day with Mrs. Wood's mother, Mrs. Mary Stivers.

Miss Mary Lawrence Holt, who spent Christmas day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Holt, has returned to her home at Louisville.

Miss Viola Monson, of Louisville, and Misses Linnie Norris and Addie Bell, of Lexington, are guests of Miss Mary Nelson of Austerlitz.

G. W. Lancaster, of Omaha, Neb., is the guest of his brother, C. J. Lancaster. This is Mr. Lancaster's first visit to Kentucky for ten years.

Mrs. Samantha Walls and daughter, and Mrs. Nannie Henry attended the funeral of their relative, Miss Bramblett, in Lexington, Tuesday.

Misses Mildred Davis and Amanda Thompson and Messrs. Foster Rogers and Harry Howell, of Mt. Sterling, attended the Junior Assembly dance Tuesday night.

Misses Anna Bain and Juliett Wood, of Lexington; Minnie Byant, of Denver, Colorado, and Lucille Bell, of Nicholasville, are guests of Miss Laura Clay.

Pastor George W. Clarke, of the Baptist church is rejoicing over the good things sent him by his members. They gave him an old-fashioned pounding long to be remembered.

The Junior Assembly Club entered Tuesday evening at the Elks' building with one of the most delightful dances ever given in this community. It was one of the swell social events of the season.

The grand march was led by Mr. Emmett Redmon, of this city, and Miss Mildred Davis, of Mt. Sterling. Every feature was brilliantly carried out, while during the hours of the dance Mrs. John Ireland served frappe, assisted by the following chaperones:

Mr. and Mrs. Vol Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Davis, Mr. and Mr. Charles R. James, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Swift Champ, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore, Mr. and Mrs. George Stuart and Mrs. W. G. Abbott, of Georgetown.

Smittie's orchestra, of Cincinnati, furnished the music for the occasion, while at 12:30 a. m., all repaired to Crosdale's Cafe where a delightful supper was partaken of. Those present, were Misses May Bramlett, Martha Ferguson, Mary Lisle, Mary Nelson, Austerlitz; Virginia Christian, Chilesburg; Laura Clay, Anna Bain, Lexington; Lucile Bell, Nicholasville; Minnie Bryant, Denver, Colorado; Juliet Wood, Ruth Scott, Linnie Norris and Addie Bell, Lexington; Elizabeth Bayless, Helen Davis, Ella Kriener, Louise Grinnan, Martha Waller, Louise Davis, Henrietta Taylor, Rene Crosdale, Viola Monson, Louisville; Mildred Davis, Mt. Sterling; Helen Abbott, Georgetown; Leslie Turney and Rachel Wiggin, and Messrs. Edwin Wickliff, William Appling, Marion Kimbrough, Kremer Bain, Wade Whitley, Robert Simms, Otto Kimbrough, Roby Clay, Harrison Scott and Hal Headley, Lexington; Walker Miller, Austerlitz; Clyde Daniels, Louisville; Foster Rogers and Harry Howell, Mt. Sterling; J. V. Moore, North Middletown; Houston Crouch, Little Rock; Ras Ward, Frank Ferguson, Ballard Long, Wade Carriges; Thomas Wheeler, H. S. Gorham and J. W. Finney, Georgetown; Preist Kemper and James Tarr, Millersburg; Severs Smith, Nicholasville; Bruce Adair, W. R. Clark, Offutt Boardman, White Varden, William Swearingen, Bowen Ratcliff, George Kriener, Jeff Elgin, Rick Thomas, Harry Horton, Raymond McMillan, J. W. Waller, Charlton Clay, George Wyatt, Emmet Redmon, Charles Fithian, Robert Ferguson, John Kriener, Ike Wilmott, W. K. Ferguson.

Our housekeepers say Spears & Sons' Red Cross Flour has no equal. Sold by all grocers. 24-tf

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Drank Concentrated Lye.

Dorothy Pogue Jacoby, little daughter of Mr. Joe Jacoby, of near Hutchinson, had her mouth and throat badly burned by drinking some concentrated lye through mistake, thinking she was taking a drink of water.

Fiscal Court Meets.

The Bourbon County Fiscal Court met yesterday, Judge Denis Dundon presiding. The usual number of claims, amounting to \$3,194.23, were allowed and ordered paid.

Turnpike Supervisor Claude Redman read his report, which was approved. He was allowed \$500 for repairs on the pikes during January.

Claims for work on turnpikes, amounting to \$888.71, were allowed.

Ordered that County Judge borrow from the Treasurer of the Garth Fund on January 1, 1907, the balance of the principal of said fund in his hands for the use of Bourbon County.

Ordered that a warrant for \$1,261.31 be made payable to First National Bank on the Turnpike Fund, bearing interest to pay overcheck on said fund.

The Court then accepted the invitation of Superintendent Claude Redmon to dine with him and repaired to the Windsor Hotel where they were feasted.

In accepting Mr. Redmon's invitation to dinner was the first time the Fiscal Court has unanimously agreed for several months.

All the nice Jewelry comes from Winters'.

Distressing Accident Christmas Morning.

Mary Wells, aged fourteen years, a clerk at the Fair Store, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Wells, residing on Lilleston avenue, this city, met with a painful accident Christmas morning while engaged with some companions celebrating with fireworks.

She had lighted a cannon cracker, which failed to explode, and thinking the fuse had burnt out, picked it up, when it exploded in her hand with such force as to tear away the forefinger and sever the ligaments connecting the thumb with the hand. Drs. Kenney and Dudley attended the injured girl, amputating the fore finger at the second joint. The thumb was placed back in position and a number of stitches taken to hold the ligaments together.

If Red Cross Flour pleases you, tell your friends, if not, tell us. Made by E. F. Spears & Sons. 24-tf

Masonic Officers.

At a meeting of Paris Lodge, No. 2, F. & A. M., last night, the following officers were elected:

E. L. Harris, Worshipful Master. W. H. Harris, Senior Warden. Thos. Allen, Junior Warden. M. Hargis Dailey, Treasurer. W. H. H. Davis, Senior Deacon. W. E. Bell, Junior Deacon. G. W. Taylor, Tyler. Jas. A. Stewart, Senior Steward. W. E. Board, Junior Steward.

After the meeting the members partook of an elegant repast at Crosdale's Cafe.

A "Rube" Story.

An amusing incident happened at the Paris Grand, the other night, during the performance of "Lovers and Luminaries."

A seedy looking individual, who looked as though he had just emerged from a shock of fodder, stepped up to the box office and asked Bob Porter, who was selling tickets:

"What's goin' on in hyar?"

"How much do it cost?" said the burbonite.

"One dollar," was the reply.

The price was evidently too much for he shook his head and walked away.

Porter called him back and said:

"I will sell you a ticket in the gallery for 25 cents."

"What's goin' on up thar?" said the rube.

Col. Pepper's Funeral.

The body of the late Col. James F. Pepper, who died in New York Monday afternoon, arrived at Lexington Wednesday night. The body was accompanied home by Mrs. Pepper, whose condition has improved, John B. Offutt, and Miss MacLean, a trained nurse from New York.

Stanley Milward met the train and took the body to Meadowthorpe. The funeral services were held yesterday at Christ Church Cathedral, Lexington, with Dean William T. Capers officiating.

The pallbearers, active and honorary, were nearly all noted turfmen.

I have a large stock of the famous Block Gas Lamps. Lamp and mantel complete, only 50 cents.

J. J. CONNELLY.

Paragraphs With Points.

Bellamy Storer may as well recognize the fact that he was fired for rocking the boat, and let it go at that.

The Virginia woman who wants to mortgage her brains to the doctors for \$10,000 shows, at least, that she has some fixing that price.

A Kansas City bank cashier has skipped out with \$9,000, and the officials can find no "motive." It seems you are expected to have a motive for stealing small sums.

A Western railroad company complains that it is finding it difficult to get men to fill its good positions.

There must be a shortage of Cortez in the railroad world.

While walking along a San Francisco street a man named Harry Quick was struck on the head by a falling brick. That's one time Harry wasn't quick enough.

Peary says if you want rabbits to taste good you should live on dog meat a while. But he overlooks the trifling matter of telling us how to make dog meat taste good.

The Philadelphia minister who declares that Adam was a negro probably bases his deduction on the fact that the old man has been painted black so many centuries.

John Wesley Gaines wants Congress to furnish each member with a typewriter. The printers who have been up against manuscript speeches will be unanimously in favor of it.

A breach of promise case was knocked out in New York the other day by a decision that the defendant only took an option on the woman. What opportunities that decision opens up.



Is your baby thin, weak, fretful?

Make him a *Scott's Emulsion*
baby.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil
and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is
easily digested by little folks.

Consequently the baby that is fed on
Scott's Emulsion is a sturdy, rosy-
cheeked little fellow full of health and vigor.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

The Girls Are Mad.

A miniature war has broken out at State College, Lexington, between the male and female student bodies. It is all due to the alleged purloining of a book of measures formerly kept by the physical instructress at the college, which gave the exact measurement of every young girl student at the institution. Just how the book fell into the hands of any of the male students is a complete mystery, but during the past few days pages from the book have made their appearance on the walls of the boys' dormitory, and every one has been permitted to see the outlines of the figures of the various members of the physical culture class. The matter will be sifted by the Faculty immediately after the holidays.

Free Reclining Chair Cars.

The Southern Railway has inaugurated free reclining chair car service between Louisville and Evansville on their fast through trains leaving Louisville at 7:30 a. m. and 5 p. m. daily, and running solid to Evansville without change. This line also operates free reclining chair cars on night Lexington and Danville to St. Louis, also Pullman Sleeper through from Danville to St. Louis. The Southern Railway is 23 miles the shortest from Louisville to Nashville and forty-three miles the shortest to St. Louis.

Fortunate Missourians.

"When I was a druggist at Livonia, Mo.," writes T. J. Dwyer, now of Graysville, Mo., "three of my customers were permanently cured of consumption by Dr. King's New Discovery, and are well and strong today. One was trying to sell his property and move to Arizona, but after using New Discovery a short time he found it unnecessary to do so. I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as the most wonderful medicine in existence." Surest cough and cold cure and throat and lung healer. Guaranteed by Oberdorfer, the druggist. 50c and 1.00. Trial bottle free.

Attend Smith's Responsible Business College.
We advise all young men and women wishing a business education, shorthand, typewriting or telegraphy to attend the Commercial College of Kentucky University, for thirty years under the Presidency of Prof. Wilbur R. Smith. Prof. Smith refers to thousands of successful graduates among whom are a large number in this place and vicinity, in banks, mercantile and other offices. The demand for graduates of this college has exceeded its supply. Beware of any irresponsible colleges promising situations. It pays to attend the best. For full particulars of the old and reliable Commercial College of Kentucky University, and cheap daily rates to and from college on interurban cars, address

WILBUR R. SMITH,
Lexington, Ky.

Reasonable Prices.

Miss Margaret Toolen invites all her old customers to call on her before purchasing flowers for the holidays. She orders all kinds of cut flowers and potted plants at reasonable prices. 20¢

There is more Cataract in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribe local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven cataract to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Cataract Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a tea-spoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address:

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75¢.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Postmaster Robbed.

G. W. Fouts, postmaster of Riverton, Ia., nearly lost his life and was robbed of all comfort, according to his letter, which says: "For 20 years I had chronic liver complaint, which led to such a severe case of jaundice that even my finger nails turned yellow; when my doctor prescribed Electric Bitters; which cured me and have kept me well for eleven years." Sure cure biliousness, neuralgia, weakness all stomach, liver kidney and bladder. A wonderful tonic. Oberdorfer's drug store. 50¢

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Rock Lights.

We stock of the famous Rock Lights. Lamp and mantles. 25¢.

J. CONNELLY.

A MARCH MISTAKE

By Jeanne O. Loizeaux

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"Elsie, John Fielding is waiting for you downstairs."

Elsie looked up to see her mother in the door and dropped the warm cloak she was about to put on. She was a quiet, gentle girl, so unassuming that her dark prettiness was more unnoticed than it deserved to be. It had been long since John had come to see her in the old friendly fashion of the time before Rose Lisle moved to their town. The girl gave another touch to her smooth hair. Her mother stood watching her and then remarked:

"Mrs. Dent told me today that John and Rose have been out for over a month. He has just come home. If a quarrel with Rose is all that seeds him to you, I should think that"—Elsie wheeled impatiently.

"Mother, John and I have always been good friends, and I shall not question any motive that brings him to see me. I shall always be the same to him. You can't expect a man so deeply in love as he is with Rose to be regular in his attention to his girl friends. And no one could help loving a beauty like Rose. She's good too."

Elsie greeted John as if she had seen him yesterday and soothed his evidently overwrought mood with a gentle, half laughing tact. He was tall and blond, with fine blue eyes which tonight were clouded, and his face was a little careworn. Sometimes he gave random answers as if he had not heard what she said. After a half uneasy hour of the March twilight he turned to her in awkward masculine gratitude for her patience with him.

"Elsie, am I keeping you in? I have not thought to ask if you were going anywhere." She smiled and bedecked herself that inaction was not good in his present mood.

"I was going for a walk and can go as well another time. I was going quite by myself. You know, I am never afraid."

"No, I never knew you to be afraid from the time we were children at school until now. I have always liked you for that. But would you mind letting me go with you for the walk? We used to like pushing the wind" together. Shall we go?"

Elsie put on her cloak and little red cap, and the two young people started away.

Rose lived not far from them, and as they passed the house both could not avoid what they saw. From the broad front windows the light streamed brightly. The shades were not drawn. Rose sat at the piano, and over her in rapt attention stood Norman Cady. John almost dragged Elsie past, though he said nothing. He did not know that he gripped her arm till it hurt and that he was walking at a pace that would have put a less healthy girl than Elsie utterly out of breath.

It was a raw night, with a sharp wind. The moon was high and cold, and the sky was streaked with flying clouds. The road was good, and they walked on and on, out of the town and along the river road. The girl was unwilling to disturb her companion's silent mood and swung gladly beside him. At length they reached the boat-house and a great pile of rough logs in a sheltered corner. John stopped here and proposed resting.

"Elsie," he said, "I must have tired you all out. I am a selfish brute to drag you about like this. I was trying to get away from myself by reminding myself what a stanch friend you have always been. I had not intended to tell you my troubles, but I think I must if you will let me."

"Tell me about it," she replied in the matter of fact comrade's way that made confidences easy.

"All right, but you must not try to help me. No one can do that. I simply need the relief of words before I settle down to forgetting as fast as I can."

He hesitated. A man finds it hard to confide.

"Is it about Rose?" She tried to make it easier for him.

"Elsie, I loved her almost from the minute I saw her. Everybody must know it, for I didn't hide my preference, and when I want anything under the sun it is my way to do my best to get it. I wanted her. Soon I made her my friend and then—well, I thought she loved me, though we had not spoken of it in words. About a month ago I wrote and asked her to marry me. I told her everything a man tells the girl he loves. I asked her to send me a note in answer and added that I should interpret her failure to do so as a refusal, though I was overconfident enough not to dream of such a thing."

He looked off across the river and drummed his heels against the logs.

"Elsie," he went on, "she did not send me a word! Not one word! And that very night she was heartless enough to smile and nod and blush at me at a concert where we were and seemed to think I would see her home the same as ever! Then the next time we met she did not even speak!"

"Are you sure she received it?"

"Yes. I sent it by my brother, and he put it into her own hand. He did not wait for an answer. She could have sent that anyway. Well, then I went away a few weeks. I could not stand it here, and now that I am back it is worse than ever. I despise myself for caring, but I hate Norman Cady for being near her. I thought if I told you, perhaps just putting it into words would wear off some of my anger and help me forget her. Elsie, be good to me and help me forget her. Will you?"

"The Best and Cheapest.

You can get the finest of flowers for funerals, wddings, parties, etc., from Miss Margaret Toolen. She represents the best of florists. Prices reasonable. 20¢

Human Blood Marks.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. W. Williams, a well known merchant of Bac, Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since." It cures hemorrages, Cronic coughs, settled colds and Bronchitis, and is the only known cure for weak lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by Oberdorfer, the druggist. 50¢ and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Is Disease a Crime?

Not very long ago, a popular magazine published an editorial article in which the writer asserted, in substance, that all disease should be regarded as criminal. Certain it is, that much of the sickness and suffering of mankind is due to the violation of certain of Nature's laws. But to say that all sickness should be regarded as criminal, must appeal to every reasonable individual as radically wrong.

It would be harsh, unsympathetic, cruel, yes criminal, to condemn the poor, over-worked housewife who sinks under the heavy load of household cares and burdens, and suffers from weaknesses, various displacements of pelvic organs and other derangements peculiar to her sex.

Frequent bearing of children, with its expense, the care, work and labor of rearing a large family, is often the cause of weak-nesses, derangements and debility which are aggravated by the many household cares and the hard, and never-ending work which the mother is compelled to perform.

Again, the maker of the world-famous remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ills—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—says

says—of the greatest obstacles to the cure of this class of maladies is the fact that the poor over-worked housewife can hardly find rest from her constant household cares and labor to enable her to secure from the use of his "Prescription" its full benefits. It is a matter of frequent experience, he says, in his extensive practice in these cases, to meet with those who with his treatment fails to rid them of the patient's inability to find hard work long enough to be cured. With those suffering from prolapse, anteversion and retroversion of the uterus or other displacements of the womanly organs, it is very necessary that, in addition to taking his "Favorite Prescription" they abstain from being very much, or for long periods, of my kind should also be avoided. As much as possible, with moderate, light exercise, will be important. Let the patient observe these rules and the "Favorite Prescription" will do the rest.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 cent stamps for par-covered, or 31 cent stamps for cloth-bound.

If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets Invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

The girl touched his arm with her hand.

"You should go to her and have it out in words. There may be some mistake."

"There is no mistake. She was simply playing with me. Elsie, you were always my comrade, so now in time of need." Elsie laughed, but it hurt her a little.

"Very well, John, come to me whenever you want to. We will talk and walk and you shall try to forget. I will not fail you."

March was gone and April had had her last day of grace. It was the evening before May day. Elsie, happy hearted, was waiting on the porch in the twilight. John was to come. Now he nearly always came. They were going for another walk in the spring twilight to wander across the green hills and back along the roadways in the white moonlight. Elsie thought only of the moment, but she could not help a little thrill of gladness that he so seldom spoke of Rose. She did not, as at first, regret the coolness that had sprung up between her and Rose. Nothing seemed to matter but being happy without thinking why. John called her "sister" half jokingly, but he said nothing. He did not know that he gripped her arm till it hurt and that he was walking at a pace that would have put a less healthy girl than Elsie utterly out of breath.

"Sis, for goodness sake get my good coat from the closet in the hall! I'm goin' to be late to that party."

Elsie went to the dark closet and emerged with a coat. She knocked at his door.

"Oh, come on in and help me with this fool tie! Great snakes, if you haven't got the wrong coat! Just like a girl! Haven't worn that old thing since winter!" He snatched it from her impatiently upside down. A letter fell from the pocket.

Elsie picked it up, and as she glanced at the address her face went white.

"Terry! What is this?"

At the sound of her voice he turned to look, and then stood stricken with tardy penitence. It was addressed to John Copeland, and in the lower left corner was inscribed in Rose's hand, "Kindness of Terry." Terry stared and struggled with the refractory tie.

"Gee! Not even Rose can touch you for looks, Sis. I don't wonder that John—" She turned from him as John's whistle sounded below. She still held the letter.

"I shall give it to John. It is his. I shall tell him you forgot it."

Then she went down to John.

He sat contentedly on the porch with his hat pushed back on his fair head. He looked careless and happy enough. At her approach he rose.

"Ready, sister?" Her smile was odd, and she held the letter out to him. She spoke as if she had been running:

"John, take this into the parlor and read it. No one is there. I told you there was a mistake. It is to you from Rose. She gave it to Terry, and he forgot it. I just found it in the pocket of his winter coat." John did not know he almost snatched it from her hand. When he came back from the parlor his face was shining.

"Elsie, you are an angel! You have the heart of a sister! You have given her back to me. She did love me. She does!"

Elsie smiled and gave him a brave little push.

"Well, you silly boy, go to her this minute!"

He snatched her hand and pressed it hard. Then he went from her with an eager, swiftness that he had never shown in coming to her. She knew it—she had always known it, but nevertheless it was not easy to see. And under her breath she whispered bravely:

"The heart of a sister!"

HIS WIFE'S STRATEGY

By DONALD ALLEN

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastman

"Martha, are you there?" called Farmer Milton from the back doorstep.

"What is it, pa?" asked his wife as she appeared with a dish in her hand.

"There's Jim Thomas coming down the road."

"Well, what of it?"

"He looks all dressed up."

"He's probably going to a dance somewhere."

"He's probably coming right here to see our Minnie."

"Then he'll have greased his boots for nothing. Minnie ain't wasting her time on no such fellows as Jim Thomas."

The farmer had more to say, but before he could say it Jim Thomas had arrived. He was a young man of twenty-five who had no particular occupation, but traded horses, helped to put up windmills and now and then acted as a piano agent.

He sat down beside the farmer,

reached for his jackknife and a stick and proceeded to whittle and talk.

Mrs. Milton came to the door to shake the tablecloth and gave him a nod.

But during the two hours he remained he said nothing of Minnie. He seemed much disappointed.

When he had departed the farmer entered the sitting room and said to the wife:

"Look a-here, Martha, what's the use in hurting a fellow's feelings?"

"What fellow?"

"Jim Thomas, of course. You didn't say three words to him, and Minnie didn't appear at all. It was a reg'lar snub, and I felt sorry for him."

"Then your sympathies are wasted. I want to tell you that Jim Thomas is a sneak, and if Minnie ever speaks to him again I'll box her ears, though she is going on nineteen years old."

The farmer sat down and pulled off his boots.

"Martha



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S. D. DODSON, Millersburg.

With Claudia's Assistance

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

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From the doorway Fitzgerald looked moodily at me from in front of the dresser. I looked moodily at Fitzgerald.

"She refused me," he said.

"I've got to go to Mrs. Whiting's dinner," I answered.

Fitz nodded and threw himself heavily into a chair.

"I wouldn't go, you know, after Mrs. Whiting's niece refused me, so she had to rustle up you."

I glared at him, then jerked open the top drawer.

"Seems to me, in the interest of humanity, you might have staved off your old proposal till after the dinner. I've got to take Miss Whiting in. What shall I say to her? I'm no society man."

"You might talk about me. It's darned strange she refuses me," Fitz responded modestly. "Of course I'm fat, but what of that? Look at me in my money!"

I turned from my hair brushing and regarded Fitz with surprise.

"She's different from other girls," he went on mournfully. "You never know what she is going to do or say next. She said if she ever found the man she wanted to marry and he didn't ask her she would propose to him. You say a word for me, old man, and maybe she will change her mind about it."

"All right," I said and started for the infernal dinner. If I had been left in peace I could have translated a few more pages of that Latin work I was on.

Why I should have (figuratively of course) fallen on my face and worshipped Claudia Whiting the moment I saw her I don't know. That any man could help adoring her after he came to know her is incredible, but I think I began before ever she said a word to me. It couldn't be because her eyes were the bluest I ever saw or her hair wrinkled sunshine—I suppose a poet would describe it better—or her lips red as the roses she wore in her belt.

One day since that dinner she told me something about affinities. It may be that mysterious word holds the reason.

What we talked of is vaguely remembered. I know that I walked homeward carrying with me a vision of sweetest seriousness, for that describes Claudia as she appeared that day. When I turned the corner, beyond which were my lodgings, I saw Fitzgerald at my gate, his broad back toward me. I remembered my forgotten promise and fled incontinently. I couldn't face him. Later I stole into my room like a thief in the night.

Next day I went to call on her and to make my peace with Fitz, who had interviewed me that morning. She was in the garden, and I stated the object of my call at once.

"If you knew him better you would appreciate him more," I said and launched forth at some length into his peculiar graces and virtues. Claudia listened, and when I had finished she leaned toward me, smiling roguishly.

"And didn't you care about coming to see me? If it had not been for Mr. Fitzgerald you would have come any way, wouldn't you?"

To think that she should have looked straight into my heart and discovered my perfidy! I almost let go of my secret. I almost answered, "I came because I love you." And this on the second meeting.

Then because I must talk, and there were some things I must not say, I began talking of myself—my college life, my failing health, forcing me to live for years in the pine forests; then when my health was restored how the woods still held me with their solitudes, so that I was unhappy and ill at ease in society.

"I have quite a pretentious cabin there," I said. "In it are my books and my violin. Back of it flows a clear stream with trout waiting for me to catch them for my breakfast. Nothing is wanting there to make me entirely comfortable."

My face grew hot, for all at once I realized there was a want—a void—to be filled. That if I went back to my cabin now it would be as lacking as the body whose soul is not within.

"I was born and bred in the woods," exclaimed Claudia. "The stars look closer and bigger than they do in the mountains of the lowlands. Up there in the mountains are ferny nooks and manzanita; there is water criss which makes me hungry this minute. Oh, I know about the woods!" Her blue eyes were shining like the stars of which she spoke.

Then she asked me about my books, and I told her of my published ones and those in contemplation—dry old tomes—why should I have supposed that they would interest a young creature like her?

But I rambled on, lost in her sweet companionship, till the sun suddenly dropped out of sight, and I saw her shiver in the breeze that stirred the poplars. Then I remembered Fitz.

"Do give him another chance," I said perfumefor as I rose to go. She looked at me seriously, but made no answer.

For the greater part of a month Fitz was away from town, and I saw Claudia nearly every day. Before going he asked my promise to say a word in his favor every time I saw her. There are limits to the duties of friendship, but I promised because I felt that he would make her a good husband. He was an honorable man and had more money than he knew what to do with.

She was such a bewildering little creature, was Claudia. At the first

meeting she was so sweetly serious. She had told me since that she was frightened to death of me because I knew so much. Fancy it! The day she told me, though, she was bubbling over with laughter, and I suspect she was poking fun at me in her irrepressible way. Then there was the morning when we walked together to church and she talked so quietly of holy things, and there was that last afternoon in the garden before Fitz came home.

That day it was the hardest of all to forget myself and remember Fitz. Sometimes when the tenderness of my heart would creep into my words little spots of color would come and go in her girlish face. I scarcely saw her eyes that day, the white lids drooped so insistently over their blue beauty. At last I pulled myself together with the thought that he could do so much more for her than I, even if she could bring herself to think of me at all, and made my last earnest speech for him.

She frowned a little, then she smiled and looked thoughtful.

"I think I shall have to teach you to read poetry," she said.

"Will you?" I asked eagerly.

"Begin on 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,'" then, she answered and ran, laughing, up the walk.

"I did the best I could for you, Fitz," I told him when he returned that evening. And I rehearsed the last speech in full.

"What did she say?" he demanded.

"Why—she didn't say anything to that. She told me—or hinted—that my education was deficient because I had little knowledge of poetry, and she told me to begin on 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.'

Fitz looked at me mournfully. "That's my finish then. Have you read it?"

"I was just beginning."

Fitz walked heavily from the room, and I took up my new Longfellow. Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic; Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already flaked with patches of snow.

Pretty good description of myself, I thought. Not exactly patches, but there were certainly threads of gray. I read on till the speech was finished, the egotistical words of Miles Standish; then I bowed my head in shame and anger. I had talked steadily of myself and my work, but she had led me on. She had no right to call me down so. Tomorrow I would go back to my cabin and forget, but yet I knew I should always remember. I was still brooding when Fitz came back.

"I don't blame you, old man," he began. "Probably you'll make her happy; but, Lord, look at my money!"

I blinked at him as he settled down.

"Neat way she had of bringing matters to a focus," he went on, picking up my book which lay face downward on the table. "Why, darned if I believe you've read it all!"

"I've read enough," I said resentfully. "I read what she thinks of me."

One moment that blessed Fitz gazed at me, then in words of one syllable he gave me the gist of that poem—made me to understand that my Claudia was impersonating the Puritan maiden in her immortal speech. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

And to think I ever had deemed Fitzgerald stupid!

I found my blessed girl in the garden, but she did not hear my approach. She was on tiptoe, trying to reach a rose which swung above her head.

"I have come to speak for myself, Claudia," I said.

The dear hands ceased from their quest to hide the blushes of her sweet face. Her girlish form trembled.

"You think me bold!" she cried apprehensively.

It was such a glorious affair to prove to her just what I did think of her, and it took a long time. And then she explained to me about affinities.

Then because I must talk, and there were some things I must not say, I began talking of myself—my college life, my failing health, forcing me to live for years in the pine forests; then when my health was restored how the woods still held me with their solitudes, so that I was unhappy and ill at ease in society.

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A Queer Play In Baseball.

Here is a play in baseball that happened long ago. Perhaps it never will happen again. Did any one ever hear of a base runner scoring from first base on a line drive that was caught by a third baseman and when the ball never left the third baseman's hand? The play happened in this way: Andy Moynihan was playing third base for the Pastimes of Chicago in 1868 when a tournament was held. The Occidentals of Peoria were the opposing team. In the first inning, with a runner on first, the batter drove a liner straight over third. Moynihan shoved up his hand, the ball struck it and stuck fast in the hand. The crowd cheered. An instant later they saw something was wrong. Moynihan, writhing with pain, was running around third base. The base runner at first saw something was the matter and ran down to cover. Then he ran to third and finally trotted home unmolested.

The trouble was that the ball, striking Moynihan's hand, paralyzed the nerves. The ball was stuck tight in his hand. It was five minutes before his fellow players could pry his fingers open and get the ball out.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Lads.

At one time, when De Quincey was living at Lasswade in simple and friendly relations with the people, who respected him not as a writer, but as a good neighbor, he formed a very delightful friendship with a little child, a boy of four years. This lad, a nephew of one of the housemaids, was the constant companion of the great man and would forsake any amusement for the pleasure of walking round a dull little garden with him. One day somebody heard this conversation between the two comrades:

"What d'ye call thon tree?" asked the child.

De Quincey considered and then said, with careful deliberation, "I am not sure, my dear, but I think it may be a laurustinus."

The child interrupted him with some scorn: "A laurustinus! Lad, d'ye no ken a rhododendron?"

At that time the "lad" must have been about seventy years old.

Made a Gorilla King.

The craze among society women for queer pets is an old story. It usually ends through being carried too far.

There is the case of Andromeda, for instance, and there is that other affair of the decadent Roman emperor's daughter, who had a pet gorilla, procured for her at great cost by an Arabian trader who supplied strange beasts for the amphitheater. One day the Praetorian guard arose and murdered the caesar.

The gorilla, who happened to be present, strangled the ringleader, who was to have assumed the imperial purple himself, with its bare hands. This so delighted the Praetorians that they unanimously elected the gorilla, whom they took for a barbarian from North Britain, to the vacant throne. On the mistake being explained by a zoologically minded patrician, the divus caesar had to be killed and another one chosen.—London News.

Chinese Gambler's Penance.

A Chinese cook named Chiu Kan had been engaged by a wealthy Chinese in Ho Li street in Canton. All the money he earned had been lost in gambling.

On one occasion his master paid him some money for the provisions he supplied. The cook lost all the money at one stake. Finding that his debts were accumulating day by day, on the twenty-fourth day he went into the kitchen and chopped off the forefinger of his left hand as a self-punishment and warning in order to relinquish this evil habit of gambling in the future.

He became unconscious through the pain, but was brought round again in a few minutes.—Singapore Times.

Naming a Member.

It is an ancient belief that a man's name has some mysterious sympathy with his nature, whence arise such stories as that of Rumpelstiltskin, whose power over a human being vanishes the moment that his name is pronounced aloud. It has been suggested with some show of reason that the modern practice of "naming" a refractory member of the British house of commons is merely a survival of this belief, which the Norsemen brought into England.

A Kiss That Brought Death.

Courtship in Spain is regulated by the strictest etiquette. As is well known, a young man is never left alone with his fiancee. Near Malaga a beautiful young girl of twenty committed suicide by drinking a cup of coffee in which phosphorus had been dissolved. It appears that the girl had been driven to the deed by the adverse comments of neighbors who became aware that she had given her sweet heart a kiss.—London Mail.

The Family Game.

Mother (coming into the children's room)—Rosie, what are you making such a terrible noise over? Look at Hugo. See how quiet he sits there. Rosie—Yes, it's easy for him to sit quiet in the game we are playing. He is papa, who has come home late, and I am—you.—Wiener Salonwitzblatt.

Explicit.

The Kedah postoffice authorities have a somewhat blunt way of putting things. Copies of a Penang paper posted to a subscriber were the other day returned marked, "Addressee hanged for murder."—Bangkok Times.

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Inside facts soon become evident in outside symptoms.—Dr. G. G. Green.

The aid of scientific inventions is needed to determine whether your lungs are affected. The first symptoms are readily noted by anyone of average intelligence.

There is no disease known that gives many plain warnings of its approach or consumption, and no serious disease can be so quickly reached and checked if the medicine used is Dr. Bosch's German Syrup, which is made to consumption.

It is in the early stages that German Syrup should be taken, when warning are given in the cough that won't quit the congestion of the bronchial tubes and the gradual weakening of the lungs, accompanied by frequent expectoration.

But no matter how deep-seated you cough, even if dread consumption has already attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble.

trial bottles, 25c. Regular size 75c. At

Bribing Georgie

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

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ed to where her small brother was trying to coax the goldfish from the fountain basin with a bent pin and a bit of bread. He looked up guiltily at her approach, but was visibly relieved when he saw who it was.

"Don't you want to ride into town with Mr. Castron and me?" she said.

"Nope," he said decidedly.

"I'll give you that air gun if you will," she bribed.

"It costs \$2," he warned.

"I know," she agreed. "Hurry, or Mr. Castron will miss his train."

Georgie raced across the lawn and climbed into the back seat. "I'm going, too," he announced gleefully. Frank Castron said something beneath the cover of his mustache and scowled as he helped Ethel into her seat on the box.

It was apparent that Ethel was determined not to afford him any opportunity for a tête-à-tête. He thought that he had frustrated her design when he had bribed the head coachman to send the tiger to town, but he had not counted on Georgie. He settled himself in his seat, and Ethel took up the reins.

They covered the first half mile in silence. Then he broke the quiet. "I want to tell you," he began, "that that locket was."

"Georgie will hear," she whispered. "Please spare me the annoyance of having the wretched story spread all over the house."

"But if only you would listen for a moment," he pleaded. "Let Georgie drop off and walk back. He won't mind."

"I do," she said severely. "Do not make me think any worse of you than I do already."

"But it is all such a miserable mistake," he pleaded, "and you have not given me a chance for a single word since it happened."

For answer Ethel turned to speak to the boy, and Castron gritted his teeth. Just five minutes had the whole miserable mistake would be explained. If he could not get this chance, there was no hope. She would return his letters unread, just as she had sent back the note he had written last night. A bit of paper blowing across the road frightened the horses and demanded her attention. Castron leaned over the back of the seat.

"I'll give you a dollar to fall off and go back to the house," he offered.

"Sis is going to give me two," he explained.

"I'll make it five," he offered.

Georgie was resolute. "I made a bargain," he declared. "Twouldn't be fair."

Castron faced the front again. Everything seemed to be against him.

"I congratulate you upon your forethought in bribing Georgie," he said bitterly. "You seem determined to al-

low me no opportunity to explain."

"There is no possible explanation," she said decidedly. "The least you can do is to keep silent for the few minutes longer that you are to be burdened with my company."

"Very well," he said shortly. "If you are determined, I suppose there is no use in trying to prove you wrong."

She averted her head, and as they towed along through the leafy avenue Castron, all unconscious of the tumult in her mind, wherein pride and affection waged war, sat in silent anger reviewing the events of the past twenty-four hours.

At Christmas Edith had given him a locket inclosing her picture. Yesterday she had opened the case and had found therein another picture and a lock of hair that in no way suggested her own chestnut curls.

Before he could explain she had run into the house, and no amount of entreaty could induce her to listen to his explanation.

For two miles no one spoke. Georgie wriggled uneasily on the back seat from time to time, while the horse's hoofs beating on the smooth road seemed to Castron to count the lost seconds.

At last, in desperation, he felt in his pocket. There was a bill he had slipped into his change pocket to avoid the trouble of taking out his pocket-book in the station. Gently he withdrew the bill and for an instant held it behind his back; then, certain that Georgie had seen it, he released his hold and let it flutter to the road.

Quickly the boy slipped off the tail-board and scrambled in the dust. Castron turned to Ethel.

"We are almost in town," he said. "I insist upon being given the right to explain."

"Hush!" she warned. "Georgie will hear."

"Not unless he has exceptional ears," he smiled. "Georgie is about half a mile back."

Ethel half turned in her seat to convince herself, then turned to him again.

"I suppose you bought him off," she said scornfully. "You told me you were aware of his price. I suppose I shall have to listen since I cannot drive and stop up my ears too."

"I'll drive," he volunteered, "if you want to stop up your ears."

"What is it you wish to say?" she demanded, ignoring his generous offer.

"Just this," he said eagerly. "That is not my locket at all."

"As though I did not recognize it!" she scoffed.

"It fooled me," he argued. "You see, I haven't looked inside since I've been up here because I've had the original of the picture to look at. I never noticed that I picked up Frank Compston's locket by mistake. You were so proud of the uniqueness of the locket that I hated to tell you that my roommate had one just like it. From the similarity of the engraving I fancy it came from the same store."

"When I picked up the chain I got Frank's and never found it out until you opened it. That girl in this locket is Frank's fiancee."

For a moment the horses trotted along in silence broken only by their hoof beats; then she turned to him with moist eyes.

"What can you think of me?" she cried penitently.

"That you are the dearest little woman in the world," he said promptly. Her hand stole into his.

"I'll never be so foolish again," she said. "I'm so glad you persisted, dear."

"Me, too," he agreed.

A couple of days later Castron was smiling over a scrawly letter that had just come. It read:

Dear Fred—Here's yor \$5. It ain't fair to take it, because I didn't drop off that wagon because of the five, but because I want you to be my brother-in-law some day. I heard what sis said. I guess she wanted me to, too, because she gave me the gun and cried over me. It's funny to have a girl cry over you. Did you ever have one cry over you? Come up soon. Far brother-in-law to be. GEORGIE

The sawmill of the Boise-Grogan Lumber Company, situated in the suburbs of Lexington, on the Winchester pike, was burned Tuesday morning. The water plugs were so far away that the fire department was able to do little toward fighting the flames and the lumber piled in the yard was destroyed as well as the mill. As there had been no fire under the boilers since Saturday, the blaze is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

The mill was equipped with expensive machinery and the loss is estimated at \$15,000. The loss on the lumber was \$1,500, the whole nearly covered by insurance. The mill will be rebuilt immediately.

Attention, Tobacco Growers.

Winchester, Ky., Dec. 24, 1906.

Mr. Tobacco Grower:
Dear Sir:—You are doubtless informed of the present effort to control the price of Burley Tobacco by means of a pool. Unless 50 per cent. of all the tobacco in the Burley District of Ohio and Kentucky is pledged by January 1, 1907, the pool will be declared off. Scott county has pledged about 40 per cent. of her crop, other counties are not doing so well, though some few have done better. A large part of the crop is unpledged and unsold. Much of this must come into the pool or it will be a failure. If the pool fails then all tobacco unsold will share with the pooled tobacco in the inevitable depreciation of prices which will follow the sudden unloading of such immense quantities of tobacco upon the market. Are you ready to see this effort fail? To prevent it you must come in before January 1st. It is not enough to hold your tobacco, you must pool it for only pledged tobacco counts. Failure stares us in the face: are you ready to stand the consequences? It will fall as hard on you as it will on the man in the pool. Agitation will cease January 1st, and agitation alone is responsible for the present high prices. The time is short; the question is, pool or no pool? Where do you stand?

C. LEBUS,
C. S. WILLIAMS,
J. R. BASCOM,
G. W. MILLAN,
S. PREWITT,
Executive Committee.

H. E. SWAIN, Secretary.

Write Him.

John Duley, of Maysville, Ky., has a number of good farms, well located for sale at reasonable prices. If interested, write him.

21-31

STONY POINT ITEMS.

Mose Lowe, of Stony Point, and Ben Taylor, of Winchester, sold their crop of tobacco at \$11.90 per hundred pounds.

F. A. Rainey has refused 11 cents straight for his crop of tobacco.

K. I. Richey has two dry cows for sale.

Our line is the best that's made. That's all.

Winters, the Jeweler.

He Understood.

"Well, madam?" inquired the floor-walker.

"I wish," she said, "to get a Christmas present for my husband."

"How long married?" the man asked.

"Eleven years," was the reply.

The floorwalker pointed to the left.

"Bargains down that aisle," he said.

Blaze at Lexington.

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For the only up-to-date line of Jewelry in Paris, see Winters.

Attacked By Footpads.

R. F. Arnett, a well-known and aged citizen of Lexington, was attacked by footpads Monday night about 10 o'clock when he was within a few yards of his home. He was knocked down by his assailants who robbed him of a silver watch on which were engraved his initials and \$5 in money.

Tuesday evening Detective John T. McCarty and Police Lieut. Estes Garrett arrested a negro on suspicion and when he was searched the watch marked with Mr. Arnett's initials was found pinned on the inside of his underwear.

Holiday Customs in Old Virginia.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—At this season of the year one has merely to step across the Potomac River to find oneself back, so far as sensations are concerned, in the midst of Christmas festivities such as the "good old days" of Merrie England knew. It is like going to a strange country and past age—this transmigration from a busy national capital to peaceful Virginia. All that is needed to bring back to the holiday of the Eighteenth century are the plodding stage coach and the strutting minstrel.

In Virginia the habits and customs of the English founders of the Old Dominion have clung tenaciously. The music of the hounds on the frosty air, the pack followed by red-coated huntsmen, is a common sound during Christmas week, when the big houses are opened to relatives and guests of the owners. The women, noted for their beauty and charm, are no less ardent in the hunt than the men, and they appear to as great advantage in the saddle as on the waxed floor at the hunt ball that invariably closes the day of sport.

Many have been invited to the great houses, but by far the greater number have gone to Hot Springs, where they will stop at the Homestead hotel, a splendidly equipped hostelry that nestles between the spur of the Blue Ridge and the Warm Springs range of mountains. They will find there all of the poetry and romance of an English holiday week, and England never boasted of such carol singers as the darkies prove to be. The voices of the negroes, blending in the thin mountain air, furnish music that would turn the old-time carol singers, with their lanters and scores, green with envy.

But it is not alone on the aesthetic side that a Virginia Christmas pleases. All the old English dishes appear on the Christmas board, from the chestnut-fed, roasted pig, with apple in mouth, to the real English Christmas plum pudding, borne in by an ebony butler and holly-decked with naming brandy. The recipes for many of these dishes are brought forth for inspection, for they are yellow with age and reverend as heirlooms.

There are the pickled walnuts, the rich fruit cakes and the delightful mulled ale and wine of the old Cavalier days. The plum pudding has been "ripening" for a twelve-month before it is consecrated to the feast. The roast pig has been as carefully tended and fattened as though it were of a royal line. What more could a gourmand ask?

It may sound a trifle incongruous to the iconoclastic guests to hear, instead of a lusty chorus in broad Saxton, the Christmas carol sung beneath their window on Christmas eve by a knot of darkies. But it will lose nothing in melody, will the famous old carol: "God rest you, merry gentleman."

And when the visitor returns to the workday world from restful and quaint Virginia he will rub his eyes, for it will as though he had stepped in the space of a single night out of an era of two hundred years ago.

Everybody buys from Winters, so the song goes.

Colored Troopers in Bad Again.

Fourteen soldiers, the majority of them members of the Ninth cavalry, colored, were arrested at Leavenworth, Kas., Tuesday in connection with a riot on a street car Monday night, in which a number of shots were fired and several passengers were slightly injured by broken glass.

Miners Have Bloody Fight.

In a fight between mine guards and union miners at Sturgis at a late hour Monday night, three men were killed outright, and several others were wounded, two of whom may die. The riot was an outcome of the strike against the West Kentucky coal mines, which has been in progress for the past year. Last night the town was quiet and there were no indications of a renewal of the trouble.

Has Signed Them All.

Governor Beckham has the unique distinction of having signed the commission of every Judge of the Court of Appeals, something that never happened before and it is hardly probable that it will ever happen again.

Kentucky Diamond Fields.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Burley, of Willard, Elliott county, are guests of the former's father, Mr. W. W. Burley, on Cypress street. Mr. Burley is one of the leading citizens in his county and is cashier of the Bank of Willard, at Willard, Ky. Mr. Burley resides near the famous diamond discoveries in Elliott county and is secretary of the Kentucky Transvaal Diamond Company, who have in contemplation the beginning of active developments in the early spring.

The company was organized in October, has mineral rights reserved on several hundred acres of land, and the preliminary work during October and November of digging trenches, discovered the walls of the extinct volcano. Mr. Burley brought some samples of the Kimberlite, and substance in which the fine diamonds are found, which is similar to that of the diamond mines of South Africa. Mr. Burley speaks enthusiastically of the outlook and says the excavations and plans of development are under the supervision of an expert direct from the Transvaal.

What
Mitchell
Says.

Every man, woman and child in Bourbon County who eats Candy knows Mitchell's Home Made Candy is always good. Now remember you can't go wrong when you invest in my Candy. I will have a very large stock for Christmas, and I do hope you will come early so you can get the best I have to sell.

My fine Chocolates, both in fancy boxes and in bulk, will be the choicest line of confections ever brought to Paris.

I guarantee everything I sell you to be just as I represent, so come to my store for your good things for Christmas.

Yours truly,

C. B. MITCHELL.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF Sharpening Saws,

Lawn Mowers,

Fitting Keys,

Repairing Trunks.

Ammunition of all kinds always on hand.

\$1 Watches

WALTER DAVIS!



USE GAS COKE

CRUSHED, 11c. Per Bushel.
LUMP, - - 10c. Per Bushe'.

A load of coal costs you \$5.00. Much of the HEAT goes off as GAS with the smoke.
We save the GAS and charge you only \$2.50 for a load of COKF and you
GET ALL OF THE HEAT.

This Coke is the Cheapest, Hottest